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SWAMP THING
WHERE LEGENDS LIVE!
BY
ALAN MOORE, STEPHEN BISSETTE AND JOHN TOTLEBEN

SPRING CAME, AND EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD WOKE UP..

...EXCEPT HIM.

CAUTION OXYGEN TENT IN USE

OUTSIDE, THE RUDE YOUNG TENDRILS, SUPPLE AND GREEN, MUSCLED UPWARD THROUGH CHINKS IN THE TURF'S DARK UNDERBELLY.

THE DOCTOR SAID THERE WAS LITTLE INDICATION OF HIGHER BRAIN ACTIVITY. HE WAS NOT EXPECTED TO RECOVER.

YES, SHE FELT GUILTY, FELT RELIEVED, FRIGHTENED, ANGRY, ALL THOSE THINGS...

...BUT THE SEPARATE SHADES OF HER GRIEF HAD MERGED, LIKE VIVID MODELING-CLAYS CRUSHED TOGETHER, INTO A SINGLE MAUVE-BROWN BRUISE.

BRUISES FADE EVENTUALLY.

THE DOCTOR VENTURED THAT SUCH A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN, HER LIFE AHEAD OF HER, WOULD SOON FIND SOMEONE ELSE.

OUTSIDE, BEES JERKED THROUGH THE GLASSY AFTERNOON, THEIR HIND LEGS DIPPED IN POWDERED GOLD.

THEY'D SPRAYED THE PLANTS IN THE LOBBY. DIAMONDS OF PERSPIRATION GLISTENED ON SKINS OF COOL AND BURNISHED GREEN.

SHE FELT AN ACHE, BUT NOT OF MOURNING.

SHE KNEW WHO SHE WANTED TO BE WITH.

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CREATED BY LEN WEIN

SWAMP THING

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RITE of SPRING

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DO YOU MIND IF I...?

NO.
PLEASE... TAKE IT...

Y'KNOW... THE WAY YOU LOOK...

I THINK I LIKE YOU BEST IN SPRING.

ALEC?

CAN I TALK TO YOU?

OF COURSE...

IS IT... SOMETHING... TO DO... WITH MATT?

NO. IT'S TO DO WITH ME.

ALEC, SINCE MATT HAD HIS... ACCIDENT, I'VE KEPT MY FEELINGS...

WELL, LOOK, THERE WASN'T MUCH LOVE LEFT BETWEEN ME AND MATT BY THE END, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I MEAN, WHAT I'M SAYING IS, THAT IF I FELT STRONGLY... YOU KNOW, IF I HAD STRONG FEELINGS FOR... WELL, SOMEBODY ELSE...

ALEC... IT WOULDN'T BE WRONG FOR ME TO HAVE FEELINGS LIKE THAT, WOULD IT?

WRONG?

ABBY... YOU ARE TOO YOUNG... TOO BEAUTIFUL... TO BE A WIDOW... FOREVER...

IS THERE... SOMEONE... THAT YOU LOVE?

OH YES.

YES, VERY MUCH.

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THEN... YOU MUST NOT... TORTURE YOURSELF... WITH POINTLESS GUILT...

IF... THERE AS... SOMEONE... THAT YOU LOVE... THEN TELL THEM...

YEAH, WELL...

THAT'S, Y'KNOW...

THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO.

YOU MEAN...

...ME...?

OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE...

WHO ELSE?

OH NO.
I'VE RUINED IT, HAVEN'T I? I'VE SCREWED IT UP...
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE SAID..

LOOK...LET'S JUST *FORGET* IT. I'LL GO HOME NOW, AND WE'LL FORGET I SAID ANYTHING.
I MEAN, IT'S JUST SO *RIDICULOUS*, RIGHT? IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE*, IT'S *BIZARRE*, IT PROBABLY ISN'T EVEN *LEGAL*...

OH HELL.
THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH ME. I BUILD THINGS UP IN MY *MIND*...
I READ THINGS INTO THE WAY YOU *LOOK* AT ME, KID MYSELF THAT MAYBE YOU FEEL THE SAME AS I DO, BUT...

YOU'RE A *PLANT*, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
JUST *SAYING* IT OUT LOUD, I MEAN, IT'S JUST SO *FUNNY*!
HOW COULD *YOU* LOVE ME?

DEEPLY..
SILENTLY...
...AND...FOR TOO MANY... YEARS.

YOU...
YOU NEVER SAID.

NO. I THOUGHT... IT WOULD... *FRIGHTEN* YOU...
ABBY...?
WHAT...DO WE DO...NOW?

I'VE... NEVER KISSED YOU...
IT...WOULD BE... *UNPLEASANT* FOR YOU, ABBY...WE ARE SO...*DIFFERENT*...

OH.
IT'S LIKE LIME, BUT...
...BUT NOT AS *SHARP*.

DO... DO YOU... LIKE... LIME?

IT'S MY FAVORITE. YOU WANT TO WALK FOR A WHILE?

ABBY...? YES?

YOU... ARE HUMAN... YOU NEED... MORE FROM LOVE... ...THAN THE TASTE... OF LIME...

UH... YOU'RE UH... YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT... ABOUT SEX, RIGHT?

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

WELL, LISTEN...

I MEAN, I HAVE, Y'KNOW, *THOUGHT* ABOUT ALL THAT, BUT...

I MEAN, I *KNOW* THAT... THE PHYSICAL SIDE OF THINGS... I KNOW THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE, BUT...

LOOK, WHAT I'M *SAYING* IS THAT IT'S NOT IMPORTANT. NOT TO ME.

AS LONG AS ALL THE *OTHER* STUFF IS THERE, AS LONG AS YOU... WELL, *WANT* ME, I GUESS, AND SORT OF CARE ABOUT ME...

BUT THERE... SHOULD BE... *SOME* FORM... OF COMMUNION...

YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW, BUT...

...BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE *PHYSICAL*.

NO.

PLEASE...

WAIT HERE... FOR A MOMENT...

POK

UH...

WHAT YOU WANT ME TO, UH...

WHAT, YOU MEAN, LIKE, I'M SUPPOSED TO, UH...

...EAT IT?

YES.

DOES... THE IDEA... *REPEL* YOU...?

N-NO, NOT ANY-*MORE*...

THE FIRST TIME... THE FIRST TIME I THOUGHT ABOUT SOMEBODY *EATING* PART OF YOU, I...

WELL, I THREW UP.

BUT... IF THIS IS LIKE, SOMETHING THAT YOU *WANT* ME TO DO...

IT IS...

WELL, OKAY.

UH...

RIGHT, HERE GOES...

...NNUF...

S'GREAT...

S'LIKE A SORT OF PERFUME TASTE... LIKE *CARDAMOM*...

MMMM...

THIS IS REALLY GOOD.

YOU WANTED TO DO THIS AS, LIKE, A SYMBOLIC THING?

NO...

NOT... ENTIRELY...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

IS THERE SOMETHING ELSE I SHOULD HAVE...

UM...

ALEC...?

ALEC... EVERYTHING LOOKS SORT OF...

...STRANGE...

HOW... DO YOU MEAN... "STRANGE"...?

ALEC?

ALEC... I...

OH.

OHHH...

OH, LOOK AT THE SWAMP...

IT'S ALL OF FIRE... MILLIONS OF BIRTHDAY CANDLES...

AND... LOOK AT ME! ALL THESE STRANDS OF PEARLY STUFF...

ALEC... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO EVERYTHING?

YOU ATE... THE FRUIT... ABBY...

YOU ABSORBED... A LITTLE... OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS...

...MY PERCEPTIONS...

YOU MEAN...

YOU MEAN... THIS... IS HOW YOU SEE THINGS?

NOT... ALL... OF THE TIME...

ONLY... WHEN I... WISH TO.

DO YOU... LIKE IT?

OH, IT'S...

THESE STRANDS... YOU'RE MADE OF THEM, TOO...

EVERYTHING'S MADE OF THEM... SILKY, LUMINOUS COBWEBS...

AND THESE LITTLE STARS... THESE LITTLE JEWELS OF LIGHT THAT DRIFT ABOUT INSIDE YOU...

I DON'T HAVE ANY OF THOSE...

NO. THOSE... ARE INSECTS...

EVERYTHING'S ALIVE AND...

... AND IT'S ALL MADE FROM THE SAME STUFF!

I NEVER REALIZED...

I NEVER REALIZED...

... THAT THE WORLD...

...WAS LIKE THIS...

SPRING CAME, AND EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD WOKE UP...

MY HAND SHATTERS THE POOL, A HUNDRED GLASS BEADS EXPLODING OUT BETWEEN MY FINGERS.

A BRIEF ANTI-GRAVITY NECKLACE SETTLES AGAINST MY THROAT, COLLAPSING, DISSOLVING, WARM AS IT TRICKLES AWAY...

BELOW THE WATER THE SUDDEN COLD FROTTAGE OF FISH SKIN, SLICK AND SILVER AGAINST MY INSTEP...

IT TWISTS, FLICKERS, DISAPPEARS. THE BUBBLES RISE...

THE THREADLIGHTS, A BLAZING CAT'S CRADLE INSIDE ME, INSIDE HIM...

WHERE WE TOUCH, THE FIBERS MERGE AND INTERTANGLE.

I AM NO LONGER CERTAIN WHERE I END... WHERE HE BEGINS...

I FEEL MY OWN HAND AS HE FEELS IT, A WARM BIRD CAGED WITHIN MY STRONG GREEN FINGERS, PULSE HAMMERING IN ITS BREAST...

WE BLUR TOGETHER, UNRESISTING... THE BUBBLES RISE.

A SHEAR OF PLATINUM SCALES BREAKS THE SURFACE, ROLLING, RESUBMERGING. THERE IS A DELICIOUS AMBIGUITY...

LOOKING UP THROUGH HIS EYES: THE PALE WOMAN GAZES DOWN, A BURNING FLOWER ADRIFT ON THE MILK WATERFALL OF HER HAIR.

ITS LANK TIPS DRAW CLEAR SABLE BRUSHSTROKES BETWEEN THE LICHENS ENGRAVING MY CHEST...

SHE IS...

...SO BEAUTIFUL...

I...

...AM...

...SO...

...BEAUTIFUL...

A TIDE OF EMERALDS ENSOULES ME.

I'M FALLING INTO HIM.

I DON'T CARE.

IN HIM, I RIDE THE AMBER SAP, OOZING THROUGH MINIATURE LABYRINTHS. CLUSTERS OF INSECT EGGS BURN LIKE NEBULAE, SUSPENDED IN THEIR UNIQUE AND VINE-WROUGHT COSMOS...

THROUGH HIM, I SPRAWL WITH THE SWAMP, SOPPING, STEAMING, DRAGONFLIES STITCHING NEON THREADS THROUGH THE DAMP AIR SURROUNDING ME...

BEYOND HIM I WRESTLE THE PLANET, SUNK IN LOAM TO MY ELBOWS AS IT ARCHES BENEATH ME, TUMBLING ENDLESSLY THROUGH ENDLESS INK.

THE BARK ENCRUSTS MY FLANKS. THE MOSS CLIMBS MY SPINE TO EMBRACE MY SHOULDERS..

WE... ARE... ONE CREATURE...

...AND ALL...

...THAT THERE IS...

...IS IN US...

TOGETHER WE KNOW THE LIGHT, EXPLODING UPWARD IN A BIRDCLOUD, FRAGMENTING INTO WHIRRING FEATHERED SHRAPNEL, DANCERS IN THE GLARE...

...BUT THE LIGHT IS NOT ALL THAT WE KNOW.

TOGETHER WE BATHE IN RAW LIFE: HONEY ROLLS ACROSS OUR TONGUE. THE FRAGRANCE OF DECAY, MESMERIC AND OVERWHELMING, EXCITES OUR NOSTRILS. WE SAVOR BOTH EQUALLY...

...FOR LIFE IS NOT ALL THAT WE COMPREHEND.

WE ARE THE WORLD.

AMID COILING, LIGHTLESS MAZES DEEP WITHIN US, RODENTS MAKE LOVE AND WAGE VENDETTAS, WITH NEEDLE TEETH THAT TEAR AND SMALL HEARTS THAT SPILL POPPIES ON BLACK EARTH SCENTED WITH URINE.

TENDERNESS. PASSION. VIOLENCE...

MY ENEMY'S BLOOD ERUPTS TO FILL MY MOUTH WITH MOLTEN COPPER.

I CIRCLE WITH THE HAWKMOTHS AT THEIR CONJUGATION, BREATHLESS AT THE ALIEN DESIRES ABSTRACTED IN THEIR DANCE...

THERE IS NO CONTRADICTION...

...ONLY THE PULSE.

THE PULSE WITHIN THE WORLD.

WITHIN US.

WITHIN ME.

IT THROBS, IT BREATHES, IN THE WORLD, IN ITS FIBERS...

THE PULSE QUICKENS, STRANDS TIGHTEN, DRAW TAUT, A CLENCHED GLOVE IN MY STOMACH...

UNDERGROUND, BURIED CLAWS WOUND THE SOIL...

SAVAGE FURROWS FILL WITH MOISTURE...

A FISH TWISTS...

THE BUBBLES RISE...

THE WORLD PULSES...

...AND SHUDDERS...

WITH LIFE...

...AND DEATH...

WITH TIDE...

...AND MAGMA...

WITH ME.

WITH HIM.

....

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

DOES THIS... UH...
DOES THIS MEAN WE'RE GOING OUT?

nExt: "The Nukeface papers!"
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